

## curiosity killed the cat

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31958320) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31958320>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Hybrids</a> , <a href="#">cat hybrid george</a> , <a href="#">dog hybrid dream</a> , <a href="#">Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a> , <a href="#">Knotting</a> , <a href="#">Breeding Kink</a> , <a href="#">Stomach Bulge</a> , <a href="#">Size Kink</a> , <a href="#">Size Difference</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2021-06-15 Words: 10732

## curiosity killed the cat

by [luckylikeyou](#)

### Summary

Dog hybrids have always been a little intriguing to cat hybrid George, certain attributes more interesting than others. He thinks their floppy ears are funny and is fascinated by the way their feet will twitch when you scratch them in just the right spot. Moving in with Dream has given him the ability to see these things firsthand, finding amusement in watching Dream chase his own tail when he's bored, and how he sulks when George doesn't pay attention to him. The more George learns about dog hybrids, the more he learns about the physical differences between them and cat hybrids. There's just one specific trait in particular he wonders about.

or

Catboy George gains an obsession with knotting.

### Notes

first time writing smut since like february lets GOOOOO  
also i know ive written dnf hybrids before but i tried not to make this one the exact same as my other but obv some ideas carried over so sorry if it seems a little familiar lol

this turned out WAY longer than i ever expected so i hope yall enjoy 10k words of knot obsessed george <3

edit: A FRIEND DREW ART FOR THIS FIC AND ITS SO SEXY PLEASE [LOOK AT IT](#)

Deciding to move in with Dream was an easy choice. They've been online friends forever, their dynamic is compatible, and it just makes sense.

Dealing with Dream's inability to understand cat hybrids, however, is not easy.

George can't really blame him though, his entire family is full of dog hybrids on both sides. The neighborhood and school he grew up in was mostly dogs, and it's pretty much all he has ever known. He can't get mad over Dream's lack of knowledge about cat hybrids because his only real experience being close with one is when George moved in. Having only ever known each other online, George was definitely in for a shock when he was greeted with Dream's overeager dog-like attributes in person.

He's clingy and affectionate, wanting to be near George 24/7. He likes smothering George in big bear hugs and scratching his ears to hear him purr, but he does it with so much enthusiasm George can barely keep up. George tends to be more reserved about his affection, only allowing it in the very specific times he wants it, but Dream is always nearly barreling him over as soon as he comes home because he's just so *excited* to see George. The way he pets George is like the way he would pet other dog hybrids, ruffling his hair just a little too roughly and always trying to go in for sneaky tummy rubs while George is lounging on the couch, only to be met with harsh hands swatting him away.

Dream's playful demeanor is sometimes endearing, and sometimes annoying. When he gets excited, his tail starts wagging so fast that everything on any table or shelf is victim to getting knocked in the floor. Since he has only ever really known dog hybrids, he thinks George's reactions to him must be because he hates all kinds of affection, when in reality Dream just always gives it in the worst manner. Nothing suited to a cat like George. George's way of showing affection is walking into Dream's room and knocking his water bottle off his desk and then leaving. Dream doesn't quite get it.

And while Dream has never really thought about cat hybrids and their differences to him, George has always been... curious about dog hybrids.

Dog hybrids have always been a little intriguing to cat hybrid George, certain attributes more interesting than others. He thinks their floppy ears are funny and is fascinated by the way their feet will twitch when you scratch them in just the right spot. Moving in with Dream has given him the ability to see these things firsthand, finding amusement in watching Dream chase his own tail when he's bored, and how he sulks when George doesn't pay attention to him. The more George learns about dog hybrids, the more he learns about the physical differences between them and cat hybrids. There's just one specific trait in particular he wonders about.

Knots. Knotting.

It makes George's face go red with shame any time he thinks about it. Thinking about the nights he would spend scrolling through the internet just to learn more. He had always known this was a thing, but since moving in with Dream and learning more about dog hybrids, his interest has been piqued.

It really started out as just harmless curiosity. Cat hybrids don't have knots, and George was just intrigued. He started out on medical pages, learning the science behind them, how they work in medical terms. He would scroll through the anatomical diagrams while reading about knots. It's a tissue at the base of a dog hybrid's cock, right above the sheath, that swells up right before they cum and essentially locks the hybrid and their partner together. It was interesting to George at first

to learn about something so foreign to him, but then things started devolving.

George told himself the first time he looked for real life videos of knotting that it was just for educational purposes.

In the quiet of his room, he opens up Pornhub with hesitant fingers and closes his eyes while typing in the word *knotting*. Hundreds of videos pop up within seconds, visuals of lewd thumbnails and raunchy titles filling his screen. He taps on the top result and hits play on the video.

It starts out with some boring introduction, so he quickly starts scrubbing through the footage to get to what he really wants to see.

Suddenly, breathy, loud moans are coming through the speakers on George's phone and he quickly turns the volume down. He doesn't need Dream to hear those noises coming from his room. His research must remain secret.

As soon as he catches sight of it, George is entranced. The dog hybrid's knot is very obviously visible at the base of his dick, catching against the bottom's rim every time it goes in. It's so weird, so *filthy*, but he can't look away. This is really what it's like? He saw all the diagrams and drawings before, but it's so, so different to see it in action. George is so glued to the video he barely registers the fact that he's growing hard in his shorts. When he shifts in his bed to get more comfortable, a soft noise escapes his lips from the friction.

The longer he watches the video, the more turned on he gets. The visual of the half-formed knot plunging in and out of the bottom has George trailing a shaky hand down to the bulge in his shorts. The slick noises and whiny moans are obscene, and even if George has the volume turned down to near silent they still reverberate in his head, amplifying a million times over.

*This is research*, George tells himself as he wraps his fist around his cock. He's just curious, that's all.

He wonders what it would feel like, getting fucked by someone with a knot. The feel of it, the way it would stretch him out and plug him up whenever the dog hybrid comes. As George works his hand up and down himself, all while still watching the video, he feels *empty*.

His mouth nearly starts watering and his hips kick forward as the hybrid in the video nears his orgasm. The knot has swollen to its full size and firmness at this point, filled with blood and ready to lock the pair together. George's hand moves quicker and he bites the pillow to muffle his quiet noises.

The hybrid quickly thrusts forward roughly, stretching the bottom out wide so that the knot can sink inside completely. It's hard to see given the angle and the fact that their hips are very nearly pressed flush together, but George is able to spot the knot tugging at the bottom's rim when the top pulls back slightly but is kept very firmly locked in place. *Holy fucking shit*. The top pushes forward and grinds his knot even deeper inside of his partner, using his hands to keep the bottom's legs spread wide and accessible. He can tell the moment when he cums, his hips rocking into the bottom slowly, still entirely unable to pull out. But that's the point, isn't it? To not pull out, to keep the come stuffed inside their mate.

George's mind is spinning. He is so, so turned on.

The video suddenly cuts to what looks like a little while later, after the top's knot has gone down. He hasn't pulled out, but George can see the way his come has started to leak out around the softening knot. He grinds inside a little more and George can hear the sick squelch, and then he

finally pulls out.

The amount of come that rushes out has George's eyes widening and his hand quickening. He had read about this, too, about how dog hybrids tend to ejaculate... quite a lot more than other hybrid types. There were anatomical diagrams of knots, for sure, but George had never seen the visual of *this*. Come leaking out of the bottom relentlessly, dripping down onto the bedsheets and pooling there. Fingers dip inside of the hybrid on screen and coax even more out, then spread the excess onto his thighs. It's completely, absolutely *filthy*.

That's what sends George over the edge. His body curls in on itself as he shudders through his orgasm and spills his come all over the hand that's still shoved down his pants. His eyes roll back and he has to lie there and ride out the waves of his orgasm, breathing heavily through the fabric of his pillow that he has stuffed in his mouth.

He didn't even realize he had closed his eyes until they opened again, met with the reality of what he just did right in front of him on his phone screen. George's body is already flushed and warm from the exertion of jacking off, but his cheeks burn even darker in shame at what he had done.

"*Fuck*," he whispers, letting his phone drop from his hand and rising from his bed to go clean up.

He doesn't think he can consider what he just did as *research* anymore.

...

Interspecies relationships aren't uncommon, but George has never considered one for himself. He always expected to fall in love with and marry another cat hybrid. All of his previous partners have been cats, both his parents are cats, it just makes sense for him to be with another hybrid like him. It's not that he's against it, not at all, the thought just has never crossed his mind. Until now.

George can't get it out of his fucking head. Ever since that night, he can't stop thinking about it.

Being knotted.

He doesn't know how he let himself get to this point, how he has devolved from innocent curiosity about the mechanics to wanting to actually experience it himself, but the desire is overwhelming. He can't get off anymore without imagining getting fucked and plugged up with a knot, filled with come and made to keep it inside himself until the knot goes down. George will get fantasies like these sometimes, things that he fixates on for a while, but nothing has made him this utterly desperate before.

He doesn't want this, he absolutely *needs* it. The more knotting porn George watches, the more needy and pathetic he gets for it. He has gone from watching dog hybrid x dog hybrid to browsing through the interspecies category to find dog x cat. It's his guilty pleasure, crawling into bed each night and navigating to the dirtiest videos he can find of kitties like him getting fucked and knotted. George listens to the way they mewl and purr at the feeling with a burning sense of arousal and envy.

He considers downloading a dating app like Grindr or something similar just to find someone to satisfy his desire, but George is too insecure to post his face out there as a cat hybrid looking for a dog hybrid to fuck him. He's not *that* shameless. He's fucking desperate for it, but he would rather do this with someone he trusts. That, unfortunately, brings one person to mind. But there's absolutely no possible way he could even consider asking his best friend to help fulfill his stupid fantasy.

Him and Dream are just friends and they have been for years, he couldn't ask Dream to do something like that just for his own selfish needs. But that doesn't stop George from imagining. Imagining is harmless, right? What Dream doesn't know won't hurt him.

Dream is attractive, anyone can see that. He's tall, lean, strong, big enough to hold George down and take what he wants... It would be so easy, so, *so* easy to just get Dream to take his knotting virginity, as he has come to think of it as. George would be comfortable enough to be with him like that, plus they literally live in the same house, it just makes sense. But the difficult part is how he would even begin to ask something like that of Dream. What, does he just walk up to him one afternoon and say, *Hey, can we fuck so I can see what it's like to be knotted?*

The thought tempts him nearly daily. Dream could just be walking around the house minding his business, cooking them a meal to eat for dinner, and all George can think about is how easily Dream could bend him over the counter he's cutting vegetables on and fuck him hard. George hates the fact he's started daydreaming about all the ways Dream could fuck him while the man is sitting just across the room, but he can't help himself, honestly. Once he gets something in his head he's unsatisfied until he does it, and Dream seems like the perfect candidate. He is capable of lifting George up, pinning him down, fingering him open, but most importantly, he's capable of knotting him, and that's all George has cared about for the past month.

Sometimes he feels so guilty having these thoughts about his best friend that he tries to push them out of his mind and return to just getting off on the porn videos he used before and his small, unsatisfying dildos, forcing himself to think of anything other than how easy it would be for Dream to pin him down to the bed, mount him, and fuck him full of his knot. His efforts prove useless when the videos immediately fall to the back of his mind, and before he realizes it his phone screen has long since gone dark and he is now pumping one of his toys in and out with his eyes shut and Dream's name on his tongue.

It's scary how quickly George's fantasy is able to morph and go down paths he tries so hard to avoid. He went from imagining faceless, nameless men giving him the knot that he wants so badly to having Dream be the star of all his late night masturbation sessions.

His favorite part about fantasizing is that he can make imaginary-Dream do everything he wants and more. George doesn't just want soft, sweet sex, he wants animalistic fucking, he wants to be pinned down, overpowered, to coax Dream to revert to his most primal instincts to *breed*. He wants Dream to hold him still and fuck him how he likes, take what he wants, then knot George and fill him up completely until he's dripping. It's his guiltiest fantasy, his dirtiest secret, and the shame eats him up in the most delicious way possible knowing the man he is craving so terribly is sleeping just a few rooms away.

...

The utter want gets to be so much that in less than a week since he started fantasizing about Dream, he's already on the internet browsing for knotted dildos.

Unlike the first night he started his *research* on knotting, his fingers don't hesitate one bit as he easily navigates to his favorite sex toy site on his private browser. In fact, his hands are shaking out of excitement and anticipation at learning that knotted dildos are real and he can buy one.

He browses through the options they have with awe and repressed arousal. He didn't realize just how many there were, and he's fucking mad at himself he hadn't thought of this sooner. His sights land on the perfect one—just the right length, slightly on the thicker side just because he wants to feel the stretch, and of course, the mouthwatering, bulbous knot at the base. Maybe he's a little too wishful, but he likes to think the toy he purchased is around the same size as Dream himself,

judging by the very small amount of evidence he's gathered seeing Dream walk around in grey sweatpants. He didn't stare, just glanced and took mental notes for future use, and now that knowledge is paying off. Thank god for past-George being a little too nosy.

His heart is racing and his pants are a little tight as he finally places his order, phone buzzing with the confirmation email. It's supposed to arrive within a week, but George is already impatient. It's gonna be the next best thing to satiate his need to get knotted until he finally snaps and either asks Dream, or finds some random stranger to do it instead.

George has an idea, though.

At this point, he couldn't give less of a shit whether Dream fucking him would change things, he just needs it so *bad*, so he devises a plan. Instead of dealing with the embarrassment of just straight up asking Dream to fuck him, he's going to make Dream be the one to snap. Just like George knows that Dream is attractive, he knows the same can be said about himself. He's sexy. He can amp up the usual suggestive jokes, wear more revealing clothing, touch Dream in all the ways he can think of that can still be passed off as platonic, and eventually make Dream be the one to give in. George is already smiling while imagining all the tricks he's going to pull on Dream, all the ways he's going to tease him. It's the perfect scheme to finally get what he wants.

"George?" a voice outside his door calls, bringing him back from his daydreaming.

"Yeah?" he asks, cat ears perking up as soon as he hears Dream's voice.

"Can I come in?"

George looks down at himself. He's laying on his bed, wearing a t-shirt he bought a size too large on accident and plain boxer briefs. He hasn't bothered getting dressed for the day considering he hasn't gotten out of bed once since waking up nearly two hours ago, so in a moment of mischief, he squirms out from under the covers and positions himself so he's laying on top of them, bare legs exposed for Dream to see. His tail curls lazily around his thigh, and he arches his back just slightly. He laughs slightly at the fact he's acting like a complete whore, but Dream hasn't seen anything yet. This is just testing the waters.

"Yeah, you can come in."

The door swings open, and George can see Dream immediately perk up and start wagging his tail at just the sight of him.

Dream doesn't seem to care too much about his bare skin and somewhat suggestive pose, just walking over to George and petting behind one of his cat ears. He wants to be annoyed that Dream was unaffected by his admittedly half-assed attempt at being a tease, but the short fingernails scratching the base of his ear has all thought lost from his mind. George feels himself start to purr and his eyes fall closed, leaning into the touch.

"Hey, kitty, don't go falling asleep on me," Dream says with a chuckle.

He opens his eyes with a bit of a struggle to look at Dream who is standing next to the bed and smiling at him. "What did you want?" George mumbles.

"I wanted to know if you wanted to go with me to the new ice cream shop they opened down the street. I know you like ice cream."

George licks his lips. He does like ice cream.

“Sure,” he says, smiling while simultaneously coming up with little teasing things he can do on their ice cream date.

“Great!” Dream’s tail is wagging a little more enthusiastically now. “I’ll let you get dressed then we can go.”

George lets Dream leave before he hops out of bed to put some actual pants on. Time to put his plan into motion.

...

Dream gets distracted on their walk to the ice cream shop by a little brown tabby cat milling in the grass next to the sidewalk. “George, look!” He squats down and tries to call out to it, but it doesn’t pay him any attention and just keeps walking. He calls for the kitty a few more times and it turns its head to look at him, then disappears into the bushes.

“It reminds me of you,” he says, rising to his feet again with a frown.

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“Aloof,” Dream clarifies, watching as George’s face wrinkles.

“I’m not *aloof*.”

“Yes you are! Any time I try to hang out with you, you get all moody and walk off!”

“Is your definition of ‘hanging out’ trying to play with my tail while I’m busy and then sulking when I don’t pay attention to you?”

Dream droops. “Maybe... but you hardly ever let me touch you except when you’re sleepy. I just want to pet you sometimes, don’t cats like grooming each other?”

A mischievous smile forms on George’s face. “I don’t mind you touching me, you just don’t know how to do it right. If you get me in the right mood then maybe I could show you sometime.”

Dream’s cheeks turn pink. *Perfect*. His comment was just suggestive enough to throw Dream’s mind in the gutter while still being able to easily pass off as innocent. George walks off, trying to hide the smug look on his face while Dream trails behind him like... well, a puppy.

They arrive at the ice cream shop and step inside, greeted by the cool, air conditioned interior. It feels nice compared to the hot Florida summer air, and George’s tail swishes happily and wraps around his leg. They walk up to the counter and take a look at the menu on the wall above them.

“What are you getting?” Dream asks.

George studies the menu, looking at the dozens of flavors. All the ones with different toppings and fillings sound interesting, but he wants something simple, so he just says, “Chocolate.”

“Hmm, I was thinking about getting strawberry,” Dream thinks out loud.

They order their ice cream and George pays while Dream stands there watching them scoop it, tail wagging and threatening to knock George over. He can’t help but think about how cute Dream gets when he’s excited.

The bunny hybrid working behind the counter hands them their cups of ice cream, and they scurry off to go sit at one of the tall tables in the corner of the shop. George hops up onto the seat and gets

comfortable, then grabbing his spoon and scooping up a glob of ice cream. He slides it into his mouth and carefully licks it off the spoon, eyes darting up suddenly to find Dream watching him.

“Is it good?” Dream asks, scooping up a bite of his own ice cream and shoveling it into his mouth.

“Mhm,” George hums, another spoonful of ice cream already in his mouth. He licks his spoon clean, mouth open, and then takes another bite.

The teasing agenda is back as he tries to eat his ice cream in the least innocent way possible. He licks and sucks on his spoon in a manner that’s probably too inappropriate for an ice cream shop, but watching Dream struggle to keep his eyes away from George is worth it.

Dream tries to focus on his own ice cream as he scoops up a spoonful of strawberry, but George doesn’t miss the way his ear is twitching every couple seconds while George practically puts on a show.

“You’ve got ice cream on your face,” Dream points out.

George grabs a napkin and wipes at his chin.

“No, other side.”

He tries again, but Dream tells him he’s still missing it.

“Here, let me get it,” Dream says. He looks around for a napkin but the only one they have is currently crumpled up in George’s hand, so instead he takes his thumb and swipes it across the corner of his mouth. George’s tail thrashes in excitement as an idea comes to mind.

Before Dream’s hand pulls away completely, George grabs his wrist to hold it in place and quickly swipes his tongue across the pad of Dream’s thumb to clean off the ice cream. Dream’s hand quickly jerks away and George’s tail stills. Did he go too far?

“Sorry. I didn’t want you to have to wipe it off on your shirt or something,” he tries to explain.

“No, it’s okay, it’s just... your tongue,” Dream says, surprised.

“My tongue?” he asks.

“Yeah, it felt weird. Why was it so rough?”

Oh. George understands now.

“Cat hybrids have textured tongues like real cats. Mine isn’t nearly as rough as an actual cat, but it’s still a little scratchy.”

Dream takes another bite of his ice cream and nods silently. He doesn’t say anything until he speaks up a few seconds later after swallowing, seemingly a little hesitant.

“Does it like... hurt?” Dream wonders.

“No, it wouldn’t hurt if I licked you.” George chooses his word choice carefully. You. Not just anyone—Dream. “You might feel a little numb if I kept it up for a while, though.”

Dream’s ear is twitching again.

“What, do you wanna feel my tongue? Where do you want to feel it?” George teases, obviously



playing around this time. Dream laughs in disbelief, his awkward mood broken.

“Shut up, you're such an idiot. We're in public,” he giggles.

George smiles with satisfaction. His last quip was obviously a joke, but he's still planting the seed in Dream's mind.

...

The teasing amps up tenfold in the next week as George finds a great challenge in it. He likes seeing just how much he can get away with in front of Dream, just how far he can go without being too obvious.

He tickles Dream with his tail while they're laying on the couch together, he bends over in front of Dream a little too often, he allows himself to lean into Dream's touch and purr in content, he starts to wear less and less under the guise of staying cool in the hot summer weather.

It's fun for George, teasing him like this all the time just to watch him blush or struggle to respond. He just uses these antics to keep him busy while he waits in anticipation for the thing he's most excited for.

And the day finally comes when George receives a package in the mail. His entire body is buzzing with excitement as he nearly skips to his room to open it. Thankfully, Dream is out of the house right now eating dinner with his family, so George has the whole apartment to himself. He can be as loud as he wants. He bites his lip and grabs his keys to cut the packing tape off the box, opening the cardboard flaps and peering inside.

He undoes all of the packaging as quickly as possible, too extremely excited to wait even one more minute. When he finally pulls the toy free, a wide grin spreads across his face. It's exactly what he wanted. He runs his hand up and down the dildo, feeling the firmness and girth. He's already half hard in his pants just looking at it.

He doesn't waste any time stripping himself of all his clothes and clambering up onto the bed, snatching up his half-used bottle of lube along the way.

It's pathetic how frantic he is to open himself up, it's barely even a minute before he's already got a lubed finger stuffed inside him and a second one trying to prod its way in. The resistance isn't too bad considering he already stretched himself out yesterday riding one of his other dildos, so he is easily able to work himself open to be able to comfortably take his new toy. He knows he should probably stretch himself a little more just to be on the safe side, but he's so impatient he calls it good after three fingers.

He's practically drooling as he squirts lube onto the toy and spreads it around, making sure it's nice and slick. He lays down on his stomach and props a pillow under his hips to keep them elevated, then grabs the base of the toy and reaches behind him.

His tail thrashes wildly when the wet tip of the silicone toy brushes against him, and he carefully starts to push it inside.

It's thicker than most of his toys, but it's not too much of a struggle to take. His cock is already leaking profusely onto the pillow below him as he tries not to clench his thighs together while he eases the dildo inside. The ridges brush up against him in all the right ways, making his eyes squeeze shut and mouth fall open. The toy is lacking the warmth and heat of a real dick, but in the meanwhile it's the best thing he's got and will surely do the job.

A moan spills out of his mouth as he slides the toy in inch by inch, preparing himself for what's at the base of the shaft. He bites his lip to try and hold in his pathetic noises as the toy stretches him wide.

He starts to wonder if he underestimated the length of the toy when he finally feels it. His hips grind forward into the pillow underneath him in desperation when he finally feels the girth of the knot pressing up against his hole. He has to fight the urge to just shove the knot in already, but he wants it to feel real. He needs to earn it.

He starts thrusting the toy in and out, trembling every time he feels the knot press up against his rim. He ruts against the pillow every time he pushes it in, pretending it's Dream hips knocking against his ass and driving him up the bed. He can't stop his brain from running at a million miles per hour, coming up with fantasies and scenarios of Dream fucking him instead of the dildo. His legs spread wider as if Dream were there settled between them, gripping his thighs hard enough to bruise and prying them open.

If he closes his eyes and tries hard enough he can nearly feel Dream bent over him, fucking into him just the way he likes, just like how he's fucking himself with his toy right now. He hasn't touched his cock directly with his hands, still just humping his pillow fervently.

The toy drags against his prostate and his eyes roll back in his head, angling it so it hits that spot nearly every time. His toes are curling and he has lost all concern about keeping his moans muffled, just crying out loud as he fucks himself on the toy.

He wishes Dream was home. He wants Dream to hear him through the thin walls moaning like a whore and fucking himself on a fake dick that he wishes was Dream's. He wants Dream to come in his room, pull the stupid silicone toy out, and replace it with his own cock. The desire is setting his veins on fire, burning him alive.

He can feel himself start to near his orgasm, and to reward himself he starts allowing the knot to stretch him just a little but not sink inside all the way. His hips buck into the pillow, coming closer and closer to his release. Just a little longer, he tells himself, he wants to make it last. His legs are trembling and squeezing together just to spread back open as he fucks the toy into himself harder and harder. The knot pushes at his rim and stretches him so, so deliciously, he's going to fucking die if he doesn't get this knot in him soon.

Right when he's about to come is when he allows himself to push it inside. He grips the base tight and forces the toy in deep, feet kicking and mewling as he feels the knot finally sink inside. His eyes roll back into his head at the new sensation of the toy going even deeper, and of course, the knot buried inside. He grinds the toy inside and then tugs at it experimentally to see if it would come out easily, and is met with resistance as it pulls on his rim but stays firmly seated inside. That's the thing that finally makes him come, knowing that it's buried deep and locked inside him.

He comes all over the pillow beneath him, grinding the toy slowly as he rides out his high, tail puffed up and rigid as he comes. He pants heavily into the sheets, murmuring curses under his breath while his orgasm dies down. He readjusts his grip on the base of the dildo and carefully starts to pull it out, feeling the resistance of the knot but eventually working it out with a pop.

As the entire toy is removed, George is left feeling so empty. If it were a real cock and a real knot, he'd be left filled up with so much come. It's disappointing, but the knotted dildo is still a severe improvement from his other toys. His legs shake as he stands up to clean himself and the bedsheets, wondering when he will finally get the real thing.

...

That night, George wakes up at some ungodly hour with a dry throat. He swallows hard and tries to go back to sleep, but the urge to get some water becomes too strong and he eventually hauls himself out of bed.

Padding out of his room and into the kitchen, he spots Dream sitting on their couch in the living room. He turns around when he hears noise and sees George standing there, still half asleep.

“What are you doing up?” George croaks.

Dream doesn't respond and George easily catches the way his eyes dart up and down his body. Suddenly, he remembers what he's wearing. Or rather, isn't wearing. He ended up getting too hot in the middle of the night and stripping off all his sleep clothes until he was just in his underwear, and he guesses he didn't think about dressing himself again when he got out of bed. He didn't really expect to see Dream still awake.

“Couldn't sleep. I'm just reading on my phone right now,” Dream explains.

George hums sleepily and walks around the kitchen, opening up the cupboard and reaching inside for a glass. The shelf that the glasses sit on is just a little too high for him, so he has to stand up on his tiptoes to reach it. He can feel Dream's eyes burning holes into him as he stretches and grabs the glass.

Returning his heels back to the ground, he sets the glass down and closes the cupboard. As he turns around in the dark kitchen, somehow he manages to lose his grip on the glass and knock it directly in the floor. It smashes to the ground with a loud shattering noise, and George just stands there and looks at the broken glass glinting in the low light. Great.

“What did you just break?” Dream says, quickly hopping up from his seat.

“I knocked the glass in the floor.”

“Okay, don't move yet, I don't want you to step in glass.”

George stands still as Dream hurries into the kitchen and turns on the light. He squints his eyes at the brightness and carefully steps away from the shards of glass now that he can finally see them.

“Here, go get the broom,” Dream says, picking up the largest pieces with his hands.

George scurries off to get the broom and dustpan, returning to the kitchen to carefully sweep up his mess. He tries to get all the small loose pieces he can, not wanting to cut either of their feet.

“How did you manage this?” Dream asks with amusement, watching George sweep. He glares up at him with tired eyes.

“It was dark and I bumped into it,” he grumbles, sweeping up the last of the glass into the dustpan.

Dream grabs a new cup for George and fills it up with water while he disposes of the broken glass.

“We'll vacuum tomorrow to get up the tiny pieces, but here you go,” he says, offering the cup of water to George. He graciously takes it, sipping from it and finally soothing his scratchy throat.

“Thank you.” He finishes off the last of the water, setting the glass down on the counter very carefully this time. “What time is it?”

Dream checks his phone. “2:34 am.”

“Well, after all that I’m not tired anymore,” George complains. Dream laughs at him and he sulks. “Can I at least sit with you on the couch?”

“Sure,” he says and they walk back in the living room, Dream returning to his spot on the couch.

George sits next to him, close but not quite touching him, and grabs the remote to turn on the TV. He flips through the channels mindlessly while Dream scrolls on his phone, unsatisfied with any of the programs. He finally settles on a random cooking competition show, tucking his legs up into his chest and watching with sore eyes.

He’s restless and uncomfortable as he shifts around in his seat, wide awake while at the same time exhausted. His tail sways aimlessly as he stares at the TV, technically watching but not processing any of it.

“You okay?” Dream asks, noticing his discomfort.

George nods. “Just restless.”

“Come here.” Dream lifts his arm up and gestures to his lap, and George’s eyebrows raise. “Lay your head in my lap and I’ll pet you, maybe you can relax.”

George lets out a breath. That makes more sense than Dream asking George to sit directly on his lap, although if that’s what Dream wanted he would certainly not complain.

He nods his head silently and shuffles down the couch so he can lie down comfortably with his head resting on Dream’s thigh. He’s lying on his side facing forward so he can still see the TV, although the show has just become a hum of white noise at this point.

Dream’s hand falls down to George’s head and starts carding through his hair. His short nails scratch against his scalp in the best way, and George can already feel himself purring. Dream’s fingers trail over to his ears, stroking the soft brown fur to the tip and then returning down to the base to massage there. His hands repeat the same motions over and over, comforting and warm.

He really has a skill, being able to make George relax and get comfy so easily. He was stressed out from breaking the glass and having to clean it up, but now with Dream’s big, warm hands petting his head he can’t really find it in him to care anymore. His purring gets louder when Dream trails his hand from his head down to the nape of his neck, playing with the hair there. Dream said he liked how long George’s hair has gotten, and he seems to be showing it by the way his fingers gently twirl the strands.

George is so content, his tail starts to swish lazily and tickle Dream's arm. Unexpectedly, Dream suddenly grabs a hold of his tail. He doesn’t pull or hold tight, just gently petting it like he did George’s ears. His purring stops, and Dream immediately lets go.

“Sorry,” Dream whispers.

“No, ‘s okay. Just didn’t expect it.”

Hesitantly, Dream’s hand returns to his tail. He wraps his fist near the end and rubs his thumb over the tip of his tail. George’s purring starts back up again, and Dream seems to take that as a sign to continue. He strokes George’s tail slowly, different from any other way he has touched George’s tail before. Usually, he’s always trying to play with it, trying to catch it while George swishes it violently in an attempt to make Dream stop. It’s nice like this, though, with Dream being gentle and sweet as he carefully pets the soft fur.

George is already halfway to being asleep, so he barely notices as Dream's hand trails down lower on his tail. His purring never stops, so Dream continues to stroke his tail. His hand creeps down lower and lower until his fingers are a few inches above the base. His tail quickly curls around Dream's forearm, ears twitching.

He's so tired he barely realizes what's going on, only knows that it feels good. Like, really good. Small little mewls start to leave his throat as Dream massages a few inches above the base of his tail. He can't touch the base directly because it's covered by George's underwear, he can only see the soft fur peeking out from the specially designed hole in his boxers for his tail to slip through.

His tail squeezes Dream's arm tighter as he pushes his hips back into the pleasant feeling of Dream massaging and scratching him. It feels so *good*. George's mouth falls open and more quiet meows slip from his lips. He's almost panting at this point, purring louder than ever at the sweet stimulation to such a sensitive spot.

"Wow, you really like me petting your tail, huh?" Dream murmurs. The words are fuzzy and George can barely register them, too focused on the touches.

His nails have begun to dig into the couch cushions as he struggles to keep in his sleepy, pleased noises. He's so tired but it feels so nice.

Dream's hand suddenly leaves his tail and he whines at the loss of stimulation, but before he realizes it, Dream's hand is dipping down beneath his boxers to touch *directly* at the base of his tail.

George's eyes shoot open and nearly roll back in his head at the feeling. Suddenly he is wide awake, all sense of sleepiness gone, now immediately aware of the heady arousal coursing through his body. He can barely get a word out before Dream is massaging the base of his tail and causing him to let out a downright pornographic moan. The hand suddenly stills and then quickly slips out from under his boxers. George is aware of how heavy he's breathing, tail having slipped from where it was wrapped around Dream's arm and now thrashing violently behind him. He doesn't dare to speak, just lays there panting.

"George?" Dream whispers.

"*Shit*," George curses, lifting his head from Dream's lap and sitting upright. He knows how he probably looks right now. Face red and chest heaving, pupils dilated so wide his irises are nearly black, and tail twitching nonstop.

He turns around to look at Dream to find him staring back with a flush on his face. "I'm sorry, I didn't know..." he trails off.

George's ear flicks. He's not surprised one bit that Dream didn't know cat hybrids have an erogenous zone at the base of their tail. What he is surprised by, though, is when his eyes dart down and he spots an obvious bulge in Dream's sweatpants. Oh fuck.

George can see the embarrassment on Dream's face at being caught.

Before he can get a word out, Dream is standing from his seat and rushing off to his room. George sits there on the couch, leaking with arousal and alone.

...

When George initiated his plan, he thought he was gonna get Dream so worked up he snaps, not embarrass him to no end and make him hide away in his room.

It's been days since the incident occurred and Dream can't even look George in the eye, much less be in the same room as him. Dream used to greet George at the door every time he came home, and now he runs off to his room with his tail tucked between his legs whenever he sees him.

George doesn't really know what to do. He was so, so fucking close to getting Dream to *do* something, but Dream ended up getting scared off. He's not really sure if he needs to talk to Dream, have a conversation or something, so instead he just uses his newfound alone time to masturbate even more.

In Dream's absence, his toy has become his new best friend. And just because they're in an awkward situation doesn't mean that George's fantasies have tapered out, not one bit. In fact, they've amped up even more since that night. All he can think about is what if Dream kept going, what if he reached just a little bit lower, what if he yanked George's underwear off and fucked him over their couch. Judging by the tent he had in his sweatpants that night, George wouldn't be surprised if he had wanted to do just that. But instead, he ran off.

Two weeks after the incident, George is sitting in his room watching Youtube on his phone when Dream walks in. He looks hesitant and nervous, so George puts his phone down and looks up at him.

"Dream?"

He doesn't respond at first, just shuffles his feet awkwardly. Surprisingly, he shuts the door behind him and comes to sit on the foot of George's bed.

"What's up?" George tries again, hoping for a response this time.

"I'm sorry," he blurts out.

George sits up, leaning forward to look at him. His eyes are downturned, refusing to look at George, nervously picking at his fingernails.

"Sorry for what?" George asks.

Dream inhales. "For the other day. When I um— touched you."

George breathes out a laugh. "Dream, it's—"

"No, let me finish," he interrupts, and that shuts George's mouth. "I'm really sorry if I've been weird lately. I'm such a bad friend, I've been thinking—thinking *things* about you and it's so wrong and I just—"

"Woah, slow down," George says, cutting off his word vomit. Dream looks at him for the first time in weeks. "What do you mean 'thinking things'?"

A redness starts to appear over Dream's cheeks.

"Since that night when you um... you know... I keep thinking about you. In like—not platonic ways," Dream confesses. "I feel so guilty. I wanted you to know that's why I was avoiding you. It's not your fault, it's me."

George giggles and Dream's ears perk up at the sound. "I wish you would've started having those thoughts sooner, idiot."

"I—What?"

George is ecstatic. Fucking *finally*. Finally Dream has given in, and even if it's not in the sexy, resolve-breaking manner that he wanted, it's a fucking rush to know that Dream wants him. He should probably treat this moment with a sense of patience so he doesn't mess up his first opportunity to actually do something with Dream, but he is so impatient and has been wanting for so long, he can't stop himself.

"What do you think about? Bending me over? Pulling my tail?" George asks breathlessly, crawling forward on the bed.

"George, this isn't funny," he sputters.

"Do you think about fucking me when you touch yourself? I bet you get off in the shower dreaming about all the ways you could fuck me. I'm right, aren't I? You probably come thinking about me."

Anger spreads across Dream's face and George's eyes light up in excitement.

"What the fuck, George? Are you just trying to humiliate me now?"

"I'm not humiliating you. Judging by your reactions, I'm telling the truth," George says with a grin.

"I'm leaving," Dream snaps, but before he can stand, George has wrapped his fingers around Dream's wrist.

"You can't leave yet. Don't you want to know what it's like?" George's eyes have gone dark and his tail is swishing playfully.

"What what's like?" Dream dares to ask.

"What it's like to fuck me," he whispers. Dream's eyes dart up and down George's body.

"Quit fucking with me, George," he mutters.

"Or what? You'll punish me? Please, go ahead."

A thrill goes through George when Dream's eyes flash with anger and slight arousal. *Snap*, George pleads internally. *Snap already*.

"I think about you too. Every night when I'm biting my pillow so that you won't hear me." George has crawled even closer to Dream at this point, nearly inches from his face. Dream's gaze falls down to his lips then returns back up to his eyes.

"Do you want to know what I've been thinking about nonstop for the past month? Because I'll tell you if you ask," George says.

Dream nods. "Tell me."

"I think about you knotting me," George whispers his confession.

Dream's jaw clenches and George can feel him go tense. His gaze drops down to Dream's lap to see a forming bulge there, and George gently slides his palm onto Dream's thigh, fingers dangerously close to Dream's dick. He can't tell what Dream is thinking at all, but he knows he must be enjoying this based on the tent in his pants.

"Are you telling the truth right now? Or is this some fucked up joke?" Dream asks. "You're

fucking killing me, George.”

He slowly slides his hand further down Dream’s thigh until he’s cupping his bulge, Dream’s hips suddenly kicking forward into the touch.

“I’m so serious. I want it so *bad*.”

“*Fuck*,” Dream swears under his breath, hips jerking desperately as George slowly palms him.  
“Okay. Okay.”

He pushes George’s needy hands off of him so he can grab George’s waist and scoop him up, throwing him in the center of the bed. George is already keening at the display of strength. Dream quickly pulls his shirt off over his head and tosses it in the floor before situating himself between George’s thighs.

“God, kitten, you’re gonna be the death of me.” Dream runs his hands up and down George’s bare thighs, dipping his fingers below the hem of his shorts.

“Take them off,” George demands.

“Brat,” Dream whispers, grabbing the waistband of both his shorts and underwear and yanking both of them off. As soon as they’re off and George’s bare skin is visible, he’s grabbing his thighs tight and prying them apart so he can get a better look. George can’t find it in himself to be shy in this moment considering it’s the only thing he’s been thinking about lately.

Dream’s left hand strokes George’s leaking cock while his right hand snakes lower experimentally. He expects Dream to start pressing at his hole, but no, Dream is reaching all the way back to grab the base of his tail.

George instantly falls apart in his grip, legs trying not to clench together. Dream rubs and massages his tail before wrapping his fist around it and *pulling*. George yelps out a moan at the sudden action, cock twitching in Dream’s grip. Dream returns to gently rubbing the spot where his tail meets his skin and George can’t stop the whiny noises that leave his mouth.

“Dream, get on with it,” he mewls.

“Calm down, I’ve barely started.” Dream’s pace remains slow and steady, but George is entirely too impatient for this.

“I’m tired of *waiting*,” George complains. “I need it now.”

A low groan is heard from Dream’s throat. “Okay, fine. Where’s your lube?”

George gestures to his bedside drawer and Dream leans over to grab it, and he very nearly forgets what else is inside that drawer until he hears Dream inhale sharply.

“George...”

He already knows what Dream is looking at.

“Hmm?” he hums nonchalantly.

“Do you use this?” Dream asks, taking his eyes off the toy to look at George. His tail curls around his leg, a little embarrassed at being caught.

“Every night.”



Dream swears under his breath as he finally snatches up the lube and returns to his spot between George's legs.

"You really wanted to be knotted that badly, huh?" Dream asks, uncapping the lube and pouring it out onto his fingers. George's legs spread wider and he nods.

Dream gently takes a hold of his thigh to keep him steady, and sinks a finger inside. George squirms a little bit, trying to get used to the foreign feeling of Dream's finger. He does this all the time to himself, but it's different having someone else's fingers. Dream's are slightly thicker than his own and feel so good as they work him open.

"Shit, kitty, you're so easy," Dream marvels at the ease at which he can slide a second finger inside.

"I jerk off a lot. Fucked myself with that toy this morning."

Dream lets out a moan of his own at the thought. "God, you really do need it bad. What do you think about when you get off with that toy, huh? Wish it was me?"

George fucks himself back onto Dream's fingers impatiently. "I always wished it was you. I'd think about you walking in on me and pulling the stupid toy out so you could fuck me yourself. Or I'd imagine you bending me over the kitchen counter and mounting me right there. You could take me anywhere, anytime you wanted, I just wanted you to knot me."

"So is that why you've been acting up recently? Teasing me?" Dream thrusts his fingers in hard with each word.

"Mm, fuck, yeah. Just wanted you to snap but you're too fucking respectful."

Dream laughs in disbelief. "I'll fuck you good, kitty, knot you just how you like it," he promises, inserting a third finger.

"I've wanted it for so long," George breathes out, and then he starts rambling. "The dildo works, but it doesn't come like a real person. I wanna feel you come inside and then plug me up with your knot. Can you do that, please? *Breed me?*"

"*Oh my god,*" Dream moans. "Yeah, I— I can do that for you."

George flicks his tail under Dream's nose. "Then get on with it, puppy."

Dream finally removes his fingers from George and then rises from the bed to take his pants off. He hooks his thumbs under the waistband of his sweatpants, and of course, he's not wearing underwear. But honestly, George couldn't care less about that right now. Instead, he's too entranced by Dream's cock.

It's longer and thicker than his own, flushed red in color and poking out of the sheath it usually hides in. But the best part, what makes George nearly drool, is the hint of a knot at the base of his dick. It hasn't fully formed yet, it only really does that right before he's about to ejaculate, but George can still *see* it and he's in love.

"Can I touch?" he asks.

Dream nods his head silently and George carefully reaches his hand out to wrap around Dream's hard cock. It's slick and hot to the touch, nearly pulsing in George's hand as he gingerly strokes it. It feels weird, a lot different than his own cock, but this is his first actual hands-on experience and

he's not going to take it for granted. Dream is biting his lower lip so hard it looks like he might break skin as George pumps him a few times until he's satisfied.

"Fuck me, please," George orders, leaning back into the pillows.

Dream suddenly grabs George by the waist and flips him around so he's on his hands and knees, then puts a hand between his shoulder blades and pushes his face into the mattress. George gasps at the sudden manhandling, but it only serves to make him more turned on. He barely has any time to make a comment about it before Dream is pushing the tip of his cock against George's rim and starting to press inside.

It's hot and big and slick and everything George dreamed it would be. He's desperately pushing his hips back against Dream because he's taking *too long* to bottom out. He's suddenly aware of the size difference between Dream and his toy when he starts to feel too full and *more* just keeps coming. He can feel the slight girth change when Dream's still not fully formed knot slips inside alongside the rest of his cock. It makes him moan imagining what's next to come.

Dream sits there for a moment to allow George to get used to him, then he slowly starts moving.

The feeling of Dream's cock inside him is so, so much better than the dildo. He's so warm and George can feel Dream's hips smack against his ass with each thrust, two big hands holding his hips and fingertips digging in. George moans into the bedsheets and pushes back with each thrust, wanting Dream to go *harder*.

"C'mon, you can do better than that," George gasps out.

"You are such a fucking *brat*," Dream says, snapping his hips roughly with the last word. "You want me to be rough? Say it."

"*Please* fuck me hard, Dream, make me feel it tomorrow. I want you to ruin me, I need it so, so bad," he moans. "Knot me, please. *Breed* me."

That last request is what makes Dream give in. He shoves George's face into the bed again and leans his whole body on top of George's pinning him down with his own body weight. He wraps his arms around George's stomach and bucks his hips wildly, breathing hot and heavy right next to George's ear. It's sloppy and lacking rhythm, but it turns George on so much seeing the way Dream loses control. He doesn't care about anything at this point except holding George down and breeding him.

"*Yeah*, that's it, puppy, mount me good," George moans out, clawing at the bedsheets. He can barely get his words out because Dream's heavy thrusts knock the breath out of his lungs with each one.

George can feel the way Dream's knot is slowly starting to swell. It hasn't gotten big enough to the point where it gets caught on his rim, but he can definitely notice the stretch. Dream whines and licks at his ear like a pathetic dog, jostling George's small body with each brutal thrust. Dream has him pinned down to the bed completely, unable to move even if he wanted to, and it only turns George on more at his strength. He mewls out little moans that echo through the room along with the smack of skin.

The manner Dream is fucking him in is everything he wanted and more. *This* is what he meant when he said he wanted Dream to snap, he wanted to be forced down and fucked without mercy. He wanted animalistic, primal sex, and that's what he's getting from the extremely desperate Dream pounding him into the mattress.

Dream's hands start roaming over his body, one trailing over George's stomach, and it suddenly stills there as Dream lets out a shuddering moan.

"God, kitty, I can feel myself," he whines.

George is confused by what he means until he suddenly grabs one of George's own hands and drags it to his stomach, feeling right below his belly button. The next time Dream thrusts in, George can feel a bulge in his stomach. When Dream pulls out, it's gone. George's eyes flutter shut as he realizes what it is. He holds his hand there, entranced, while Dream thrusts slowly a few times to allow George to feel the way his tummy bulges.

"Feel that? You're so tiny you can barely handle me," Dream growls. "I'm gonna break you."

George keens. "Break me, please break me."

Dream's thrusts quicken as he does all in his power to break George just like he asked. Fingers dig into George's sides so hard he knows there will be bruises and teeth bite at George's shoulder and leave little red indents. His rough thrusts leave George fucked mindless and drooling, fingers clenching and unclenching in the bedsheets.

He can tell Dream is about to come. His knot has expanded to it's full size now and Dream can't push it inside just yet or it will get stuck, so he fucks into George and grinds his knot at his hole desperately.

"C'mon, give it to me," George pleads. "*Knot me, puppy.*"

A growl rips through Dream's throat. George absolutely loves this, having Dream lose all his control and fuck him like an animal. He mewls and begs for Dream's knot more while Dream still refuses to give it to him.

Tears spring to his eyes and he finally sobs out, "Please knot me, I can't wait any longer."

Finally, *finally*, Dream thrusts forward one last time and starts pushing his knot in. George's thighs quake and tremble as Dream grips his hips violently and holds him still so he can force his knot inside, growling lowly as he does so. His knot stretches George wider than ever before until it finally sinks inside all the way, seated firmly inside him. Once it's finally locked in tight, George can feel it brush up against his prostate dangerously, and it sends him over the edge.

The feeling of getting knotted, what he has been craving so carnally for the past month, is what finally makes George come. He comes untouched onto the bed sheets below him solely from the feeling of Dream forcing his knot into him. Dream grinds shallowly into George to help him ride out his orgasm, milking him for all he's worth.

George moans lowly at the sensation of being so completely full. Dream's entire cock is pushed inside him, now accompanied by his thick knot, and George has never felt so stuffed in his life and the man hasn't even come yet. George clenches around him and that makes Dream gasp loudly. George whines and thrashes in his grip, needy for Dream's come.

"*Breed me,*" George cries. "Please, need it so bad, Dream. Please breed me and fill me up."

Dream grinds his knot inside of him roughly, and George nearly starts crying in relief when a broken moan leaves Dream's mouth and he feels come start to spill inside him.

It's filthy in the best way imaginable. George whimpers open-mouthed into the sheets as Dream fills him up, rocking his hips as he finishes. His come spills out inside of George, seemingly never

ceasing. George remembers how dog hybrids typically produce a lot more come, but George never thought it would be something like this, Dream pumping load after load of come inside him, still panting heavily next to his ear.

He has never felt this full in his life. He can barely move an inch without being hyper aware of every bit of Dream filling him up—his cock, his knot, his come. George has never felt this satisfied by any partner ever before.

One of George's shaky hands rises to feel his stomach, moaning when he's met with the feeling of Dream bulging his tummy again. It's so hot, even though they've barely even finished, George is already planning the next time they can do this again.

"You fill me up so good, Dream," George sighs in content, rubbing his hand over his belly. Dream's hand suddenly rests atop his so he can feel it too.

"My kitty," he growls.

Dream carefully wraps his arms around George's waist so he can roll them over onto their sides, taking all of his weight off of George so as not to crush him. The two of them moving has Dream's knot jostling around inside of George and making his toes curl at the sensation.

They relax into a spooning position, Dream gently mouthing at the bites he left on George's shoulder, licking them as an apology. George purrs in content.

"Thank you, Dream," he murmurs.

Dream snorts. "For what? Fucking your brains out?"

George's ear twitches in annoyance. "Yes, idiot. I didn't trust just anyone to knot me, and I'm glad it was you."

George can hear thumping on the bed behind them, and he quickly realizes it's Dream's tail wagging and hitting the bed. He laughs.

"Well, now that I'm here you won't have to use that dumb toy anymore," Dream insists.

George leans into his touch, his purring growing louder. He keens at the thought of them doing this again, Dream helping him out so he can get knotted whenever he wants. The thought of their future antics stirs burning arousal in his gut, but the way Dream gently holds his tired body and kisses his neck brings a different sensation fluttering in his stomach. But he'll deal with that later. For now, it's just him and Dream cuddling in their post-orgasm haze.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!